Boston, Thursday morning

1851?

My Dear Friend,

While Garrison is penning an answer to a silly paragraph about me, in the Transcript of last Evening, I pencil this upon my knee, for I may not longer delay to thank you for your kind response to my former letter.

I have read "Emma". In my judgment it is a work of far superior merit to "Pride & Prejudice". Miss Bates is a gem. Mr. Woodhouse is a singularly well drawn portrait. Mrs Elton is finely sketched; and Knightly is well done. The rest fill their places with great propriety. I shall not fail to read the rest of Miss Austen's novels, and shall take care that my daughters have them.

I have had few adventures since I wrote you last. On the way to Milton, to see Mr & Mrs Robbins, driven by Wendell in a buggy, I was upset, and the American Cicero and myself were sent sprawling into the dust. A clothes-brush set us all to rights. I have spent an hour with Grace Greenwood. Instead of a lady of a certain age, with a face ~~sickly~~ "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought", I met a buxom damsel, that completely realized my idea of the lass of Richmond Hill.

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MS.A.13.1.21

Last night I heard a good story. For my life upon its authenticity. A Mrs Page, of Boston, had a large party a few nights ago. Her guests were waited upon by colored attendants, who were prompt, assiduous and obliging. Late in the Evening the scene was graced by the presence of "the Godlike" — when, as though an orchard full of Bohun Upasses had appeared in full blossom, the colored genii vanished, leaving Mrs Page the only page in the house to bend the knee, or hand the wine cup to the defender of the Constitution. What a page in the future history of Mrpachusetts this will make.

The Cradle of Liberty is granted, and tomorrow Evening I must stand the ordeal. I am distressingly nervous on the subject. At present I have not a fragment of a speech. Oh dear! Were I at liberty to plunge into the combat now raging, I should go with a light heart, and should not want the aid of feathers or the combustion of tar. But I must be "cautious", "conciliatory", — I must pick my way, like a cat on a wall amongst broken bottles — bah!

On Saturday I transfer myself to Mr. Hoveys Here, ~~then~~ as Pierre, in Venice preserved, says — "there let us meet, and talk of precious mischief"

Ever, dear Anne, for friendship and for freedom, George Thompson.